Insatiable

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/31133951.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Top Hannibal Lecter, Bottom Will Graham
Language:	English
Series:	Part 8 of Twitter Threads
Stats:	Published: 2021-05-06 Words: 783 Chapters: 1/1

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by anabridge

Summary

Will is insatiable. He wants to be the center of Hannibal's world every minute of the day.

Notes

More Hannigram smut on my Twitter @hannabitchwill

“You can have this anytime you want." Was a promise that Hannibal made after the first time he thoroughly wrecked Will into a moaning mess beneath him. What he didn't anticipate, however, was how this phrase would come to haunt him.

Will was insatiable. It was as though the moment after he got a taste for riding Hannibal’s cock that he could never have enough. And Will knew, as the center of Hannibal’s world, that his lover could never deny him. After going so long without touch in their relationship, Will demanded Hannibal's hands, his affection, and his unwavering attention throughout the day.

Especially when he was sketching. If the new drawing didn't include Will, his boy would come to steal his pencils. And when one day, when Hannibal found his spare drawing kit and continued on his latest project, Will became ravenous.

He leaped onto Hannibal's lap to ensure that all his pencils would fall in disarray. Then he guided Hannibal's hand to stroke his already hard length.

When Hannibal didn't catch on quickly enough to sate the growing need of Will's arousal, he reached up to slap sharply across his lovely, defined cheekbones.

Hannibal growled and stopped stroking. "Tell me what you need, Will. Use your words. I can deny you nothing."

Will released a high-pitched moan as he begged incoherently, "Your fingers...use them. Please."

Hannibal was not surprised to feel slick as he traced around Will's hole, clenched in anticipation. In the two hours he was left alone, Will had started to play with himself in boredom.

He had smelled the sweet scent of Will's arousal when his boy first entered his office. "What a naughty boy you are." Hannibal tsked at Will while teasing at his entrance.

Will tried to thrust back against his fingers, but Hannibal's firm grip on his hips held him in place.

"How many?" Hannibal demanded. "You must be specific, Will. How else can I give you what you need?"

"Forget it," Will gasped as he writhed beneath his touch. "I already did that part. Just fuck me." And when Hannibal didn't respond right away, Will met his eyes. "Now."

Hannibal smiled at the way Will's need seemed to control his very being. His beautiful boy's soft curls bounced across his forehead as he thrust deeply inside. Although he wasn't completely hard yet, Hannibal loved the way Will's pulsing muscles would help him get there.

Then, at Will's sudden gasp, Hannibal stilled, to allow Will to adjust to the thick length inside him. He hummed in appreciation as Hannibal's cock twitched under each searing hot clench

of his muscles. Hannibal took in the brief silence and the look of relief on Will's face.

"Oh, you needy boy. So quiet when you're full, aren't you" Hannibal taunted. "Tell me, Will, why do you think I enjoyed feeding you at my table?"

Will shook his head, growing impatient with the lack of movement. "I... I don't know!"

Hannibal tsked for a second time. "Think Will. Why is it that I sent you countless dinner invitations over the years?" Hannibal asked again as he began to move, shallowly thrusting into Will's small frame.

"How can you expect me to think when you're doing that?" Will asked. Hannibal stilled once again. Will could not have stopped the whine that escaped his lips even if he wanted to.

"Try again, Will." Hannibal urged.

Will took a deep breath. He thought for just a second."Is it because you wanted me to share your appetite for long pig?"

Hannibal let out a small laugh. "No, my cunning boy."

And because he had decided Will had waited long enough, he began to thrust in deeply, steadily. Will started to push back at the same pace, and by the way his ab muscles clenched, Hannibal knew his boy was close.

A few thrusts later, without warning, Will came untouched. Hannibal did not dare to stop. The spurts across his lover's belly spurred him on to thrust harder and harder to reach his own peak.

Will moaned, nearing overstimulation. He caressed Hannibal's face the way his lover had so many times. "Tell me why Hannibal. I want to know," Will asked with a fluttering of his eyelashes.

And because he was about to come, Hannibal answered breathlessly, "Because, my cunning boy. I could tell how badly you wanted to consume me and my darkness." He thrust one final time and brushed Will's prostate as he came.

Will couldn't help but blush as he felt the heat spread deep inside him. Then he chuckled darkly. "Yeah that sounds about right. Whether it's your cooking or your cock, I will always want you," Will promised.

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